System Static;

Remains of the Written Word

&

The Dark Pages

Constantina E.

2026

Acknowledgement

To Tina —

Who didn't let me feel like just a 'case.' Thank you for seeing me, for knowing I was there, and for asking the questions that actually mattered, even when my answers felt unworthy.

“System Static”

"System Static is a work of documentary poetics that maps the autopsy of a life through the forensic lens of the recovery industry. It is an archive that utilizes clinical protocols, data management, and visceral poetry to document the failure of systemic care and the survivor's journey toward terminal dissociation."

“Dark Pages”

The dark pages are a series of poems written during the darkest days.

POST-CRASH ANALYSIS:
[FILE_RECOVERY_COMPLETE]

Pre-Flight Summary: The Baseline.....6
The Black Box:..... 7
Phase I: The System Failure.....8
The Mismatch.....9
Death March.....10
The Glitch in the Pulse..... 12
Person Detected.....14
Terminal Rhythm..... 16
The Synthetic One.....17
Phase II: The Root Fissures..... 18
Thermal Audit..... 19
They Are Not Alone.....21
The Heavy Weave.....22
The Prototype Performance..... 23
The Culling: The Wisdom of Fate.....24
The Pink Hem.....26
Phase III: The Clinical Filter.....27
I Am Blame.....28
The Risk Mitigation 9.....30
The CE Protocol..... 32
The Clinical Filter.....33
Locked Words.....35
The Syntax of Silence..... 37
Silence ….....39

Phase IV: The Final Geography.....41
The Uninvited Mourning..... 42
The Price of Your Demand..... 44
A Hand I Cannot Hold..... 45
The House in Decay.....46
The Uninvited Guest.....47
The Get Away.....49
Phase V: Shifting Static..... 51
"Reflecting on Today"..... 52
The Inner Keep.....55
BEACON STATUS.....56
Shifting Static..... 58
Crisis Line.....60
If I am Honest..... 62
No Seconds Left.....64
[END OF FILE].....65
March into April..... 67
The After Party..... 68
The Quiet Ticking..... 70
The True Monster.....72
On Setting..... 74
The Invisible Speck..... 76
An Empty Life..... 77
Living the Dream..... 79
Counting Candy.....81

HAZARD REPORT: [PROJECT SYSTEM STATIC]
Classification: Restricted CE Forensic Archive
Warning Level: Level 5 (High-Intensity Psychological Data). (Trigger Warning)

I. OPERATIONAL RISKS

The data log contains unfiltered telemetry regarding Major System Failure. Personnel (readers) should be advised that the contents include detailed records of:

- **Structural Integrity Loss:** Ideation and execution protocols related to self-termination.
- **Root Fissure Analysis:** Graphic accounts of childhood trauma, parental betrayal, and physical assault.
- **Systemic Neglect:** Dehumanizing clinical interactions and the failure of protective "tribal" structures.
- **Dissociative Static:** Intense depictions of numbness, body horror metaphors, and psychological displacement.

II. OBSERVER CAUTION

The frequency of this recording is set to a state of post-impact survival. This archive does not provide a Safety Net or a "Recovery Manual." It is a raw, reconstruction. Exposure to this data may [Trigger] Sympathetic Resonance in those with similar structural damage.

III. AUTHORIZATION

By proceeding to [PLAYBACK START], you acknowledge that you are entering the wreckage. You are no longer a passive observer; you are a witness to the forensic truth of the crash.

Pre-Flight Summary: The Baseline

DATA STREAM INITIATION:

This segment establishes the baseline parameters of the recording. It defines the "Mismatch"—the fundamental structural flaw between the subject's internal architecture and the external world's demand for "seamlessness." This is the calibration of a soul already prepared for descent.

"I am terrified to hear my own voice, terrified to live what I am performing. A spectator to my own slow disappearance. A present that couldn't kill the past. Finally, a tape playing back a memory of the future." - Constantina

[RECOVERY INITIATED]

The Black Box:

It is a chilling tally, a summary of power,
Built in the language of the failing hour.
I have mapped the circuits, the phases, the cost:
The flight data recorder of a soul that is lost.

By the final page, the observer is led
To the lip of the crater where the signal is fed.
They stand in the ozone, where the wires are thin,
Listening to the loop of the crash I was in.

It lacks the soft weight of the poems that plead;
This is a forensic, inevitable read.
It is the telemetry of a sharp, silent spark,
Dragged from the silt of the deep and the dark.

And here is the guilt—the weight of the late—
Of knowing the altitude, the tilt, and the fate.
You listen to the frequency, the frantic, the fray,
But the moment of impact was a world away.

You track the transmission, the static, the dread,
Knowing the pilot is already dead.
There is no rescue, no reach, and no sound
To pull this descent back away from the ground.

The tapes are now open. The seal has been torn.
Witness the wreckage of the day I was born.

Phase I: The System Failure

DIAGNOSTIC STATUS: CRITICAL.

Phase I documents the initial calculation of the end. The "Death March" begins not with a bang, but with a calendar date. Here, the recorder captures the "Glitch in the Pulse"—the moment the human cry for help is processed through automated menus and numeric tallies, resulting in a total disconnect between the spirit and the support system.

The Mismatch

I am the serrated edge that tries to mend,
A fractured line where static forces bend.
I wasn't built by blueprint or by plan,
But fused together by a shaking hand.

I feel the disconnect beneath my skin,
The hum of splintered thoughts that wear me thin.
The world demands a shape, a solid face,
But I am just shards, scattered out of place.

They ask for seamlessness, a polished sheen,
Ignoring all the sludge that leaks between.
Internal screws are stripped and rusted dry;
I have no gear, no lever to apply.

I broke because the pressure grew too vast,
Because the present couldn't kill the past.
I am a clock with hands in slow reverse,
A ticking frame within an alarming curse.

The fault is simple, though the pain is deep:
I have too many fears for one to keep.
The structural failure is finally plain:
I am the rust that outlived every chain.

Death March

I carved a date to end my life,
To sever pain and inner strife.
The vow is locked, the path is clear:
To suffocate each doubt and fear.

I clawed for rest, a solemn peace,
To bid the painful voices cease.
But no reprieve has met my will;
The world is numb, and moving still.

I've spent all that's required of me;
I flayed my soul for all to see.
I sought the group, I shared my plea,
And even expected they would banish me.

The circle closed; I'm turned away,
With no more breath for me to stay.
No answer comes to heave the weight,
Or shift the dark in stale debate.

The hour is drawing starkly near,
With nothing mended, nothing clear.
The seconds bleed, the days arrange,
While all I am remains the same.

The pulse is faint, the clock is set.

No more words. No more regrets.

The Glitch in the Pulse

Is there a pulse? Is anything still listening?
Past broken lines, the cursor’s steady glistening.
I’m calling out because my will has gone;
I’m losing grip—I can’t keep hanging on.

I’ve shouted 'til my throat is raw and torn,
A vibrating drone, shivering and worn.
Am I not clear? My valves are sure and tight,
A perforated scream against the plight.

> "Is the crisis current? Have you tried to breathe?
> Is there a diagnostic code underneath?
> In the last two weeks, how deep the hole?
> Confirm the input was a baring of your soul."

Catalog the symptoms. Batch the pain.
A numeric tally for a ruptured brain.
Quantify the shadow; code the dark; give name—
Another decimal point within this losing game.

> "I’m sorry, but our metrics don’t align,
> I’ll reroute you to a different loading line.
> Wait... and another queue will process your plea,"
> Silence severs all connections held in me.

But I have answered every query.
I am exhausted, spent, and weary.
Is this real? Is there a person on the line?
Or just an echo looping in the design?

The glitch was never in the pulse I gave.
It lived inside the thing designed to save.

It never listened. It was built to scan—
To log the data, not to understand.

Person Detected

[DIAGNOSTIC DATA: RECOVERY IN PROGRESS]
STATUS: Terminal Case.
OBSERVATION: Invisible Face.

They run the keys; they throw the locks.
They log the "Risk" inside the box.
They chart the ideation deep,
A binary name the systems keep—
A data point, a sterile line,
A definition they assign.

[ERROR: HUMAN VARIANCE DETECTED]

But data does not bleed or cry.
Labels do not question why.
I am raw bone; I am nerve;
I am the signal they cannot serve.
The "want to cease" is just a sound—
Static above the burning ground.

[QUERY: IS SYMPTOM OR SELF?]
[INPUT: NULL]

I am more than the "will to cease,"
A fractured loop in search of peace.
I'm tired of "Numb," "Scared," and "Hurt"—
The sparks that dig the charred-black dirt.
I crave a sliver of separation
From Constantina's ideation.
[RE-CALIBRATING PERSPECTIVE]

I need a bypass for the fear;

The human ghost through the veneer.
Do not provide the hopeful dream,
Or calibrate my "self-esteem"—
I am not the symptom on the list,
I am the code that won't exist.

[SYSTEM ALERT: PERSON DETECTED]
[NOTE: TERMINATE FORENSIC AUDIT]

Terminal Rhythm

The system is failing; the sync has been lost,
A dual-rhythm conflict, a break in the dark.
I measure the pulse at a critical cost,
A cold, steady flow at the end of the mark.

I want the alarm to scream through the room,
For a witness to time the pulse as it goes.
But if someone truly breached through the void,
I'd fear the anemic life that I'd expose.

I am relieved that the pulse remains low,
A clinical peace that I've carefully defined.
I've cauterized vessels so no beat can flow,
And left all the warnings completely unaligned.

I want the vacancy to leave a deep trace,
To mean enough to be more than a blur.
But if I held a permanent space,
I'd fear the disruption my presence would incur.

I am content that there's no one to look,
A debt that no one is forced to pay.
But I want it both ways: to be the closed book,
And to be found at the end of the day.

The pulse accelerates on a frantic demand,
A rhythmic glitch in the heart's final circuitry.
It is the wish for a reach—a hand—
Leads gone cold. The static is spent.

The Synthetic One

I am only an image, a trick of the light,
A ghost made of nylon and pixelated fright.
My skin is a surface of varnished veneer,
A mask that is perfect, a mask that is clear.
I'm a synthetic copy, a fabricated thing,
Waiting for someone to pull on the string.

They ask for a feeling, I give them a code,
A scripted response italicized or bold.
"I'm struggling," I whisper, a glitch in the screen,
They look right through me at what might have been.
They say they are listening, they say they can see,
But they're talking to shadows, they're not talking to me.

Another new survey, another blank space,
To map out the lines of my artificial face.
I pour out the truth in a rushing stream,
But I'm just a bug in thier clinical scheme.
They count up the errors, they measure the lack,
But they never reach out to pull the soul back.

Rinse and repeat, and we rank and we rate,
A mechanical dance with a cold, digital fate.
I give them the answer, I give them the cry,
But they're checking the boxes, passing me by.
The question is sterile, the listener is gone,
The fragile, lost girl is left afraid and alone.

I’m losing the war in a screen of glass,
Watching the humans and happiness pass.
The tally is finished, the paperwork’s done;
They’ve gathered the data, but they’ve saved no one.

I’m the only thing here that’s genuinely real,
And the only one left they refuse to heal.

Phase II: The Root Fissures

ARCHIVAL RECOVERY: HISTORICAL CORE.

This phase bypasses the current wreckage to examine the original blueprint. It identifies the five primary fractures that compromised the foundation. The data reveals a "Heavy Weave" of hypervigilance and a childhood "Prototype" designed not for life, but for the "siphoning of pain." The "Pink Hem" represents the final visual data of innocence before the "Wolf" arrived.

Thermal Audit

I hate the Now—this ticking slow,
A stagnant cell with nowhere to go.
The silence hunts a vented space,
A glacier's shadow on my face.
A stalled sensor, a broken scale;
The mercury is a silver jail.

I drift back to the frozen past,
Where ice engages, shadows cast.
I had a goal, a cold-line find,
A sub-zero for the winter mind.
The memory is a glacier floor,
A frost-bit war, a crystal door.

Tomorrow is a fever range,
A burning hope for mercy, change.
A blazing light that might be clear,
Away from shivering and fear.
The future is a phantom flame,
A searing pardon for my name.

The Now is where the ice and fire meet,
But never warm, and never sweet.
It's waiting for a thaw to break,
Or blistering in the heat's own wake.
The Past is frost, the Future ghost,
The boiling point is what hurts the most.

The worst of all the thermal brings,
Is when the shattered metal stings.

I’m clutching at a cracked-ice floor,
While molten rock consumes the shore.
My fingers freeze, my feet must burn,
With no “now” left for me to turn.

They Are Not Alone

I spoke the truth, believing it would mend;
I inked my secrets; now the verse won't end.
I lost the meter, found the words I lack;
I stepped off-page, and there’s no turning back.

I close my eyes and wait for rhythms breaking,
For all the empty vows my lines are making.
I sense the horror in the charcoal dust,
And brace for cold—the critic’s dry disgust.

They watch the darkness I once tried to skin,
The brine and venom hidden deep within.
They cheer the gravity that won't set me free,
And harvest every broken thing from me.

The lyric’s grace begins to peel and fray;
The mask is off; the poet’s gone away.
They pull their hands back, fearing what they touch,
Finding, at last, that "I am" is simply too much.

I hold the final, crushing weight of shame,
The poet of a book that’s but a name.
I gave them every reason to break through:
They are not alone—I hate me, too.

The Heavy Weave

Reliving isn't just a timestamp; it’s years of rain,
A slow-soaking weight that has sunk like pain.
The cotton sheet is leaden, a sullen, dark mass,
While the seasons of blight and decay never pass.

Vigilance binds me in a high-alert snare,
Threading the knots of the threat in the air.
I catch every vibration—the click of the door,
The thud of the footsteps on the hallway floor.

Avoidance drives me to the back of the shelf,
In a stifling prison I’ve built for myself.
I shun every window, the light, and the air,
For to breathe is a labor too suffocating to bear.

The physical stress is a press on the lungs,
A silence that swallows the scream on my tongue.
I look in the mirror at a face I don’t know,
A tattered, gray shadow with nowhere to go.

Abandonment reaches a hand into the fold,
But the fabric is brittle, and the knuckles are cold.
I am anchored in years that refuse to be free,
Where the shroud is breathing instead of me.

Preservation hides in the dark and the deep,
A pulse in the cotton I’m trying to keep.
The weave is a tomb where the air is thin,
I guard every breath for the child within.

The Prototype Performance

A blueprint traced in bitter, cold mistake,
A splintered life they forced me to awake.
They never wanted what they brought to be—
A life consigned to dark captivity.

They passed me round like brittle, found-art glass,
To gauge the weight a broken frame could amass.
They struck with hammers—sharp and rhythmic beat,
And cheered to see me crumble at their feet.

I bore the blame for all that went amiss,
A lonely conduit for their dark abyss.
They crushed the marrow, splintered every bone,
They left me shattered, yet they left alone.

I learned the trick of needle, mend, and seam,
To stitch the fragments of a dying dream.
I wore the mask and played the part of sane,
A careful mimic of the human strain.

I stood in light with polished, false facade,
A shell for wreckage, cold and barren rod.
They whispered, "Wonder, look how she stays whole,"
While gaping fissures swallowed up my soul.

They see the surface, see the silver sheen,
And miss the rot that festers in between.
They do not see where darkness starts to spill,
Or watch the hands they forced to be so still.

For now I see the design built for me,
My only function was their casualty.

They forged a frame to carry every stain—
My only purpose: siphon off their pain.

Time is the hammer, striking without sound,
Till every hidden nail is finally found.
The glue dissolves, the pieces fall apart;
The show is over—I have gutted my heart.

The Culling: The Wisdom of Fate

The natural law is for the herd,
A sentence passed without a word.
The group, the tribe, the living whole,
Must exile every broken soul.

The group shuns in a quiet fear,
To leave the stricken standing there.
The shadow haunts the heavy heart,
And rips the weary soul apart.

The tribe protects the healthy vein,
By starving out the source of pain.
They drag the dying from the light,
To shield the rest from endless night.

The trapped and hurt are never healed,
The wound and grief are never stilled.
The dorsal fin, a collapsed weight;
A permanent and structural fate.

All alone within a crowded space,

They cannot match the fevered pace.
They stop the struggle, turn their eye,
To see the laws they can’t defy.

Is this just natural selection?
A final, murderous direction?
The human culling of the wise;
Is suicidal thought just fate... in disguise?

The Pink Hem

Children chase the sun in a fevered race,
With bright, happy eyes in every face.
The swings' chains clatter against the blue,
A blur of scuffed-up, dirty shoes.

But by the fence where nettles creep,
She counts the promises they keep.
Her pink dress snagged, her spirit sore,
She feels the sting of rejection to the core.

Beneath the brush, concealed from sight,
A jagged hunger stalks the light.
The wolf is still, a creature of gray,
Watching the one who cannot play.

A sudden flash of gnashing teeth,
The snap of dry oak twigs beneath.
The pink hem drags and turns to red,
While all the children look ahead.

The carousel shrieks on a rusted wheel,
Drowning the cries and the pain she feels.
The herd turns away from the deepening red,
And leave the fate of the lost unsaid.

The iron gate swings shut and fast,
The shadows long, the hunger passed.
The woods grow dark; the wolf is fed,
The green grass forgets the red.

Phase III: The Clinical Filter

INTERFERENCE LOG: EXTERNAL PROCESSING.

Phase III records the interaction between the broken subject and the recovery industry. It documents the "Syntax of Silence"—the failure of clinical language to translate visceral agony. The "Risk Mitigation" and "Protocol" entries confirm that the system prioritized data management over soul-salvage, effectively "locking the words" in a sterile cage.

I Am Blame

They handed me brochures in a tongue I don’t speak,
And labeled me "resistant" when the progress stayed weak.
I’m expected to parse every note on the sheet,
But the ink is corrupted, the guide incomplete.
I know it’s my fault—but am I to blame?

The prompt asks for "meaning"—to state what is wrong,
But the words in my throat are an out-of-tune song.
I should know how to speak, how to structure a plea,
But I’m choking on syntax that I can’t even see.
I know it’s my fault—but am I to blame?

A calibrated sensor is pressed to my chest,
To find quantified grief in the numbness of the test.
Am I angry? Or worried? Or simply just "done"?
I search for the feeling, but the variable is one.
I know it’s my fault—but am I to blame?

I’m told to be "mindful," to audit the "why,"
To catch every spindle that’s drifting on by.
I should know how to think, how to anchor the thread,
But the logic is glitching inside of my head.
I know it’s my fault—but am I to blame?

The evaluator waits as the clock starts to chime,
To solve the equation of life and of time.
I should have the formula, the "how" and the "when,"
But the page is a smear 'neath my dried up pen.
I know it’s my fault—but am I to blame?

The guidance they offer is alphabet soup,
A tangle of acronyms: "jump through this hoop."

I'm told to spell "worthy" from wreckage and shame,
But I’m an echo of self; I can’t remember my own name.
So, is it my fault... that I am to blame?

The Risk Mitigation 9

How is this supposed to help my head,
When all they do is count the dead?
I fought a war to stay alive for this—
To find a screening, sterile list.

The assessment asks if I will die;
It never stops to ask me why.
It tracks "Ideation," "Means," "Intent,"
Until the human self is spent.

It never asks my plan to stay,
Or all the price I had to pay.
It fails to track the life I built
Beyond the trauma and the guilt.

I feel alone with all I say,
Where no one feels the slow decay.
Refusing death’s insistent call,
To find no human heart at all.

The point-scale isn't built to care,
It only seeks the "hazard" there.
It stratifies the ways I’ll go off track,
But never tries to bring me back.

Help is just a punishment
For every hour I underwent,
Fighting not to open death’s door,
Just to be judged—and then ignored.

This feels like such a waste of time,
To stake my life for one thin line.

The box is checked, the risk is clear—
The paperwork is saved, but

I am no longer here.

The CE Protocol

This was the last choice, the fraying thread,
The final place my footsteps led.
I came because there was nowhere else,
Unable to rescue my broken self.

The room was quiet, bright, and clean,
A careful, well-rehearsed machine.
The questions came in measured tone,
As if despair could stand alone.

How strong today? One through ten.
Any intent? What time? What when?
Means available? Safe tonight?
Can you promise not to lose the fight?

Each answer narrowed into code,
Another checkbox on the load.
The story fractured, line by line,
Until no part of it was mine.

The crisis slowly replaced the person;
The language made the world feel smaller.
I stopped describing what I feared,
And learned which answers disappeared.

I wanted someone just to see
The terrified remainder left of me.
Not manage risk, or grade the fall—
Just hear there was a person at all.

But the intake only wanted data,
To file the *now* for someone later.
Every truthful word I gave away

Felt more dangerous than yesterday.

So I revised myself instead.
Trimmed the edges. Lowered the dread.
Spoke in sentences polished through, "I'm fine."
The easiest lie to make seem true.

The final boxes marked complete.
Another record. Another sheet.
The screen went dark. The shift was through.
The file was closed. And so was I.

The Clinical Filter

The air between us thickens—heavy, strange, and gray,
The words they try to offer turn to lead along the way.
A filter sits between us, a cold and sterile pane,
Where every "careful" sentence is a synonym for pain.

They say it’s only "chronic"; I hear it’s "terminal,"
A life stretched thin as gauze within a white and quiet hall.
The conversation wanders to a debt I cannot pay,
A clock that’s always ticking all my better parts away.

"Treatment-resistant"—so the sterile charts will claim,
But "hopeless" is the only word that echoes with my name.
The medicine is ash now, and the body won't comply,
A leaden weight of blame beneath a pale and sterile sky.

They label it as "severe"; I hear it is "too much,"
A spirit orphaned far beyond the reach of human touch.
The conversation withers where the light is filtered out,
In the sunken, quiet ache of unworthiness and doubt.

Every word. Every strategy. Every pill a bitter plea.

The record stops its spinning as the filter comes free—
I don’t see their eyes or hear their voices anymore
Drowned beneath the echo of the failures gone before.

Locked Words

I talk and talk—a fevered, rising flood,
While silence boils within my marrow, blood.
I trace the pulse but have surrendered why;
The words that mean the most are locked and dry.

To dissect screams—are they so vast or small?
I cannot find the vein to drain it all.
Which splintered shard of bone am I to show,
When every chosen path I cannot go?

I watched the listener before I spoke;
Some silences were safer than the yoke.
I cross-examined ground beneath my tongue,
Forgotten are the songs that I had sung.

To name the thing is just to drag it back,
To wake the ache and let the venom crack.
It seeps through light and stalks my deepest sleep,
Where words I spoke turn teeth within the deep.

But keeping it unspoken is the kill;
The clot begins to swell beyond its fill.
It breaks the spirit, it dissolves the bone,
To leave a vacant shell the trauma owns.

I reached for words a thousand times to die;
The safest truths were those I passed by.
I locked the heavy door to keep them out—
But trapped myself within the cage of doubt.

I searched for words that once were mine,

But every lock remembers time.
I forged the key to stay alive—
Now not even I can get inside.

The Syntax of Silence

I turn to the shadow to ask for the name
Of the quietness burning a cold, steady flame.
I reach for a shoulder, a voice, or a hand,
To help me to speak what I don't understand.
But the air is a vacuum, the hallway is still,
With no one to answer, and no one who will.

Lone-ly (adj.): The entry is thin;
Sorrow from being apart from one's kin.
Remote; unfrequented; a desolate place,
An absence of spirit, of movement, or face.
The ink is a boundary, the paper is dry,
A clinical "what" for a visceral "why."

But how do I frame it? Where does it go?
Is it a thing that I am, or a thing that I know?
Do I say that I have it, or say that I'm lost?
Is it the payment, or is it the cost?
I try to construct it, to make the words clear—
I'm building a sentence with no one to hear.

But the definition is missing the weight,
The iron-clad lock on a rusted-out gate.
It's the sound of the clap in a party of one,
The heat of the glare from a pixelated sun.
It's a physical haunting, a voice on the air,
The shape of a person who isn't quite there.

I search for the others: Abandoned. Remote.
Alone. And any word never spoke.
I look for Forsaken—is it different from Void?
Is Empty a status or something destroyed?

I have all the synonyms stacked on the shelf,
But no one to tell me the difference myself.

Silence …

It feels like a rising hum behind my throat,
A suffocating, silent note.
I fight to speak, but can't release...
A fractured chord, a wordless peace.
A message sent, no one receives,
A vacant echo no one believes.

My thoughts are now a quiet sound,
In this stillness, I am safely bound.
The quiet I once used to dread,
Is now a muffled shield for what I've said.
I stand behind a wall of sound,
My saving grace is being alone, unheard.

Can I really face this silent void,
Of a future I have un-voiced?
My voice, a memory long erased,
A final word that can't be traced.
The ringing strikes me, cold and deep,
A melody I've nothing left to keep.

I close my heart. Turn away.
From all the words I had to say.
I dig a grave inside my mind,
For every melody I could not play.
And with a silent, final breath,

I choose my own quiet emotional death.

So hear this cry! A frantic, jarring sound,
A final plea, from deep within the ground.
I want to tell you all my dread,
And words I left for years, unsaid.
For I'm not fading silently away,
I have but one final thing to say;
[ ]

It feels like a rising hum behind my throat,
A suffocating, silent note.

Phase IV: The Final Geography

TERRAIN ANALYSIS: THE SITE OF DECAY.

This phase maps the internal landscape of the survivor. It examines the "House in Decay" and the "Life Sentence" of existing in a body that feels like an "Uninvited Guest." The data focuses on the "Price of Your Demand"—the heavy tax paid by the subject to remain breathing for the comfort of others.

The Uninvited Mourning

I held my breath and watched the light,
To vanish in the depth of night.
The time was set, the dark was earned,
To end the life for which I yearned.

My pulse, a drum that wouldn’t cease,
A rotting ache that swallowed peace.
I strained against the choking heave,
With no more room to self-deceive.

Tomorrow came—a vile surprise,
I woke beneath the hopeful lies.
No grace, no pride, no light to find,
Just the living carcass left behind.

I wear this skin, a mask of day,
While others praise how I "chose" to stay.
They celebrate the life they see,
But leave the consequences all to me.

Each day is just a forced delay,
A debt I never meant to pay.
I’m charged the price for another's sin;
They’ll never know what’s dead within.

My breath is just a thief of time,
A slow decay, a soulless grime.
I never asked to draw this air;
I’m just the wreckage anchored there.

And still, I must remain,
To exist within this world of pain.

The Price of Your Demand

You call it grace, this breath I keep,
While yours is easy, calm, and deep.
You beg for me to play the part:
To mimic pulse of human heart.

You see the skin, you see the face—
A monument to masked space.
But what you claim is "choosing life"
Is just the whetting of a knife.

You hoard my wreckage like a prize,
To keep the failure from your eyes.
Your "hope" is but a choking debt;
A noose that hasn't strangled yet.

You do not know the price of air,
The choke of every breath I bear.
You claim a soul already dust,
To sweep the lie of your own trust.

You have no right to this command—
To force the grip of deadened hand.
You cheer for what you'll never know:

The cold. The dark. The deep. The low.

A Hand I Cannot Hold

I survived the night but lost the thread,
And wake to find I merely exist instead.
Bearing the exhaustion of being whole,
While cracks consume my brittle soul.

The pressure of suffering starts to grow,
Beneath the weight of the life I know.
The rhythmic grind of this steady drum,
Leaves the lonely heart—beaten, numb.

I seek for help in trying to decide,
With nowhere left for me to hide.
Trading my choice for a false control,
As life is drained from a vacant soul.

I am diminished, numb, and weak,
The silence leaves my options bleak.
I reach for solace, but the grip is cold,
And death is a hand I cannot hold.

I hate the heart that forces the beat,
And drags me back to this cold retreat.
I loathe the version of me that stays,
And the one who can’t endure these days.

The House in Decay

The rafters are splintering, ancient and gray,
From a foundation laid on a bed of soft clay.
The blueprints were drafted by hands not my own,
In a dwelling of rot and of crumbling stone.

The cellar is flooded with heat from the pit,
Where the furnace of Hell was originally lit.
I climbed from the darkness and bolted the door,
But the smoke seeps through cracks in the old wooden floor.

I reach for the timber to brace up the ceiling,
While the plaster is gray and the wallpaper peeling.
I struggle for "control" as the windowpanes break,
But how can I mend what I didn’t first make?

My movements are dictated solely by fear
Of the crashing of beams that is all I can hear.
My choices are governed by gaps in the wall;
I only can stand where I’m certain won’t fall.

Is it truly "my" choice when I flee from the flame,
Or a reflex of living with structural pain?
If the options are limited, narrow, and small,
Is it really control—or a long, slowing fall?

The Uninvited Guest

I apologize for being me,
The unwanted guest I've come to be.
I'm sorry for breath, for heart and bone,
An intruder in this house I call my own.

I weigh the cost of the time I steal;
A beggar's shame is all I feel.
To ask for help is to stay too long—
A floorboard creaking where I don't belong.

I'm the bitter salt on the dinner plate,
The crack in the pane, a twist of fate.
I take the chair that the worthy should fill,
The rot in the beam and a fractured will.

I crave to be the hearth-fire's warmth,
The steady hand, the level floor.
A gift of light, a place of rest,
And not the draft, the unwanted guest.

I strip the gears and I break the lock,
The haunted pulse of a ticking clock.
The damage follows where I roam,
A collapsing house, a broken home.

I pull the curtains and bolt the door;
I won't be the burden I was before.
But the walls are thin and the mirrors cry
At the face of a stranger passing by.

I pack my bags and I walk the floor,
But I am the blueprint, I am the door.

The fault in the beam was designed by me;
Everywhere I go, I’m the house I see.

The Get Away

I sought a peace the world could give,
A place where simple joys could live.
To wash the static from my mind,
And leave the heavy past behind.
A loop of hemp lies tangled by my side.

The silent mountains, a timeless host,
Where cold winds carve upon the coast.
Their jagged crowns of patient stone,
A world of quiet I have always known.
The rope is just a shadow on the rocks.

At the lake below the mountain's height,
A chilling stillness, clear and bright.
It holds the sun in sheets of beaten gold,
A secret promised to be told.
A pale cord ripples in the water’s fold.

By the ocean, roaring, restless waves,
The salt spray stings in sunken caves.
They pull the tide with endless might,
And turn the deepest darkness bright.
The rope is driftwood in the surf's white spite.

In the deep forest, where green consumes gray,
The scent of pine on the sunlit day.
Each moss-worn trunk, a gnarled dark spire,
A gentle breath, a forest to inspire.
The noose is just a vine on a lower branch.

The journey ends, the path is bare,
The quiet peace was never there.
I've seen the world, both clear and wide,
The exit was always here by my side.
The final clench of a broken day,
It would not let me … *get away*.

Phase V: Shifting Static

SIGNAL LOSS: TERMINAL DISSOCIATION.

The final recorded phase. The "Luster Affect" reaches peak intensity—a polished, silvered mask that hides the "Knife" within. The recording becomes a series of "Shifting Static" loops as the subject attempts a final "Crisis Line" connection. The data ends not in a crash, but in a "Surreal Mist," as the subject survives the date of their own intended end.

“Every minute is a departure from nowhere.”

"Reflecting on Today"

[STATUS: IDENTITY_NULL]
[REFLECTION STATUS]

Mirror responsive.
Identity verification pending ...

The present calls, but I remain
A step behind this windowpane.
I stand before the glass to see
The face that's meant to answer me.

It knows the shape my features keep,
The lines worn in by loss and lack of sleep.
It copies every, every breath I take,
Yet something doesn't feel quite awake.

I search the eyes that meet my own
For any feeling I had once known.
They follow every move I make,
But never seem completely mine.

When I lift a hand—it answers too,
A perfect imitation through and through.
The mirror never hesitates;
I'm the only one who stands and waits.

[DIAGNOSTIC NOTE]
Reflection confirmed.
Recognition is inconclusive.

The glass insists that this is me,
Yet offers only certainty.
It shows a body, bone, and skin—
It cannot tell if the me is who's within.

I know this face. I've seen it here.
I've worn it year after year.
Yet every morning brings the same
Unsettled whisper with my name.

Perhaps the mirror isn't wrong.
it's worked this whole time all along.
The stranger staring back instead
Has slowly taken up my stead.

FINAL OBSERVATION
Reflection present.

Identity… Unknown.

The mirror never lost my face.
I only lost the feeling,
the connection, the person
that it belonged in this place.

The Inner Keep

The street is loud with voices I don’t know,
And everywhere I turn, the shadows grow.
I turn my back upon the crowded square,
To find a breath of cold and quiet air.

I slide the heavy bolt across the door,
And leave the frantic world upon the shore.
The silent rooms are all I ever need,
To keep the garden safe from every weed.

But empty halls begin to feel too wide,
With nowhere for a restless heart to hide.
I watch the glass and wait for light to gleam,
To break the silence of a lonely dream.

Yet guests will only scuff the polished floor,
And bring their bitter winter through the door.
They seek answers to what I do know,
They'll ask me to unlock rooms, I sealed years ago,

I cannot trust the hand that holds the key,
For I am my own greatest enemy.
I build the roof but leave the timber thin,
Then wonder why the storm is getting in.

So let the blinds stay drawn, the fire burn low,
Where no one asks the things I do not know.
The walls have kept the strangers safely out.....
They never learned to let me out.

BEACON STATUS

Signal: Stable
Visibility: Excellent

They see a steady, heavy flame,
A stolen torch without a name.
They think I hold a guiding light
To navigate the blackest night.

MAINTENANCE NOTE
No external defects observed.

They only see the lantern's glow,
Not every fracture down below.
The tower groans beneath their praise,
Yet still it shines through salt and haze.

INSPECTION LOG
Internal corrosion detected.
External appearance unchanged.

They bless the light upon the shore,
But never ask what fuels it more.
Each turning gear, each rusted seam,
Gives way beneath the faithful beam.

OPERATOR COMMENT
Beacon remains operational.

I fear the dawn's unblinking stare,
The hidden cracks laid open there.
The brighter that the lantern burns,

The less of me there is in turn.

SYSTEM WARNING
Heat source exceeding safe limits.

But I have learned what keeps me bright:
I am the fire mistaken for the light.
The flame they trust to lead them home
Consumes the tower, stone by stone.

FINAL ENTRY

Signal: Present.
Guidance: Active.
Structural integrity: Lost.

The beacon never stopped shining.
Only the keeper knew
it had been burning
from within.

Shifting Static

No sleep. The screen, a cold, pixelated sun.
I stiffen in the glare of being seen,
This interview: a bridge I have to cross
Only to jump, to prove that I am drowning.
If I swim too well, they leave me in the deep.

The clock is a pulse. My chest, a cage too tight.
The hands in my lap are strangers, shaking.
The edges of vision blur to white noise,
Clutching a rehearsed thought, a brittle whisper.

Are you okay? I ask the empty air.
No, she answers. *Stay focused. Stay still.*
Two voices echo in a crowded skull
As the floor cracks into sand. The answers drift.
I watch the unraveling. A self shattered,
Not broken, but disintegrated.

I inhabit one shard while the rest of me drifts,
Unsure if this script is living, or a dream.
I sift through the wreckage:
Tears, fear, worry, then, the numbness.

I am terrified to hear my own voice,
Terrified to live what I am performing.
A spectator to my own slow disappearance.
A tape playing back a memory of the future.
If the screen finally turned to black,
I'd be relieved, and not as surprised as I should be.

Sixty minutes of static and gray smoke.

I have no memory of a face or a voice.
Only a movie of a girl
trapped in the middle of a sentence,
Witness to a life I don't recall living.

Crisis Line

The receiver is a dead weight in my hand,
A circuit frayed, a pulse I can’t command.
I press each button down, engage each key,
But connection loss is all that’s left for me.

I hold the static air: should I now speak?
Or trace the pulse to give a spot to seek?
Too many leads that tangle and then fray,
I’ll flood the line with noise and walk away.

I dread protocol—the sharp, efficient tone,
The voice that speaks of getting through alone.
They’ll under-reach, or panic, or dismiss,
A signal error logic cannot fix.

The operator waits, a steady hum;
I’m frozen in the shape of what I’ve become:
A conversation trapped beneath the dial,
A voice that hasn't spoken in a while.

I’m seeking nothing—just a point to land,
A frequency they’ll never understand.
A frantic signal, severed and confined,
Lost in the dead air I was forced to find.

I weigh the choices: a trap, or a cage,
Forced intervention on a clinical stage.
I calculate the cost: the guilt, the shame,
Against the final silence of the blame.

The heavy plastic drops and turns to stone.
The pulse stops pulsing on the open phone.

I’ll try to fix it by myself, instead,
As the last line goes... dead.

If I am Honest

[FILE_ID: 2026-06-25-LOG]
[STATUS: CORRUPTED/DATA_LEAK]

If I am honest,

They use my truths against me.
They take the data I provide,
To make me feel [REDACTED] inside.

Why do I fall for this line?
Ignoring every warning sign.
I believe the lie is …
[SYSTEM_ERROR: PLAUSIBILITY_NULL],
I even think help is possible.

Everyone betrays me in the end,
A broken trust I cannot mend.
Yet, I provide them the ammunition,
And place myself in a no-win position.

Why can't they try to do what they say?
Why do they feel the need to
[SYSTEM_INTERRUPTION: BETRAYAL_LOGGED]?
They would tell me there is just no hope;

If they were honest.

[WARNING: DATA INTEGRITY COMPROMISED]
[ACTION: SUBJECT_FLAGGED_AS_NON_COMPLIANT]
[EOF]

No Seconds Left

The day sits like a gate standing open-shut.
The hour arriving long after it left.
Every minute is a return to nowhere.
Once unlatched, the iced exits burn.
The clock ticks forward to a permanent stop;
There are no seconds … left to write.

Clinical help was requested and forensically abandoned.
Rising symptoms sunk under pressure, then screamed in silence.
The triggers were tracked; the cure was pulled tight.
Suffered in a crowd, alone, hid in plain sight.
The secret vocalized to a muted open room;
The truth screamed,
lying in a deafening whisper.

The hallway of therapy logged for miles of delusion.
Effort was one hundred percent of an empty room.
Work was the pay, remaining ten per cent.
Signs on the locked doors promised to free:
The blinding movement of EMDR,
the numbing stillness of DBT,
And all the suites of ACT,
behind the deadbolt noise.

Trials of medications are the healing, toxic poisons.
The open windows were barred with blinding light.
The sterile vacuum was blowing with crowded noise.
All environments succeeded in failing.
Heavy fortunes paid to buy bankruptcy,
Vast capital spent to build an overdraft wall.

There are no seconds left to right or wrong.
The hours are gates that swing through the theft.
Every minute is a departure from nowhere.
Now double-latched, the frozen exits turn.
The threshold rises as it fades into the floor,
And the open gate is locked and permanently shut.

[END OF FILE]

The Dark Pages

March into April **69**
The After Party **70**
The Quiet Ticking **72**
The True Monster **74**
On Setting **76**
The Invisible Speck **78**
An Empty Life **79**
Living the Dream **81**
Counting Candy **83**

March into April

Marched to a date to end my life,
To sever pain and inner strife.
The vow is locked, the path is clear:
To assassinate each doubt and fear.

I clawed for rest, a solemn peace,
To bid the painful memories cease.
No helpful answer met my will;
The world was numb, and moving still.

I've spent all that was asked of me;
I flayed my soul for all to see.
I sought the group, I shared my plea,
And yet they did not banish me.

I owe my grace to those who stayed,
When all my hope began to fade.
I apologize for all the strain,
The burden of my visceral pain.

Someone spoke of a newer date,
To give me time to change my fate.
They thought a clock could grant me time,
To find a purpose truly mine.

I set no plan; I took no step.

No promises were made, or kept.
The silence stayed, the ache held fast,
And that final day has simply passed.

I'm lost within a surreal and quiet mist,
In moments I did not think would exist;
In hours I did not hope to stay,
Beyond the reach of yesterday.

The After Party

The heavy silence weighs, a bitter thing,
Its quiet hum makes lingering memories sting.
The air grows thick with ghosts of all unsaid,
With burnt-out candles and the words unled.
Spilled wine and tears, a scent I can't outrun,
The morning after a night come undone.

A half-filled bottle's promise cannot last,
The wine glass weeps for moments in the past.
The once-white cloth now maps out all that's lost,
A silent farewell at a terrible cost.
The handkerchief lies crumpled on the floor,
A final gesture from a life no more.

The wilted petals fall with mournful grace,
Like lingering confetti in this place.

One chair stands empty in a vacant state,
The worn footstool holds a memory's weight.
The quiet sofa, now a corded shell,
Guards every secret it will never tell.

The misty sun cuts through the windowpane,
Illuminating sorrow’s heavy rain.
A crumpled epitaph, a final sigh,
To one last, lingering, and sad goodbye.
The remnants of a party...

A party of one.

The Quiet Ticking

It started as a quiet thing,
A sound I barely heard.
Just a little ticking in my mind,
A single, restless word.

It wasn't loud, it didn't scream,
It didn't rush or roar.
It just kept counting, slow and steady,
Pacing on the floor.

But as the days and nights wore on,
The ticking grew and grew.
It filled the empty spaces,
And seeped into the queue.

It kept the rhythm of my breath,
The pulsing of my veins.
It counted every mistake I made,
And all my secret pains.

I tried to stop it, tried to sleep,
I tried to make it still.
But the ticking has no off-switch,
And the silence won't be filled.

Now every moment has a count,

A deadline drawing near.
And every second is a stranger,
Of all I've come to fear.

The True Monster

Did you hear that sound, a whisper in my head?
A creeping dread I never fully fled.
Those heavy footsteps on the hardwood floor?
A turning handle on the basement door.

My heart strikes out a frantic, pounding beat,
A frantic rhythm of abrupt retreat.
Did you see the movement near the floor?
A silent shape sliding past the backroom door.

A fading figure in the curtain's shade,
A formless terror that was never laid.
It feels so distant yet so sharp and clear,
The sudden vision of my deepest fear.

Do you feel a presence in this heavy air?
A shifting shadow lingering right there.
A pale form pressing on the windowpane,
A face that mirrors all my hidden shame.

The creature’s snarl dissolved into a sigh,
A quiet whisper, a suffocated cry.
It has been here all along where only I can see:
The true monster has been hiding, there inside of me.

On Setting

If there were off-switches for dread,
To hush the noise inside my head,
I'd flip to dark and finally sleep,
And leave the secrets worry keeps.

This rusted lever, locked and tight,
Stays pinned throughout the vast of night.
I strain the grip to break the bind,
Where broken gears eternally grind.

I fear for sons, my four grown men,
And check the safety lines again.
For grandson now, a growing stone,
I watch the earth that he is shown.

I scan the world, an anguished view,
And wish for all things safe and true.
I wish them well, I want them glad,
Far from the shadows turning sad.

If I should bend, or if I break,
Who holds the weight for mercy's sake?
Who ties the load to every place,
And stands alone, the final brace?

I loathe a mind so small and vain,

To judge my guilt or measure blame.
I care what all the others see,
But most, what I believe of me.

I'm tired of fighting noise and dread,
The endless warring in my head.
This worrying, it runs so deep,
How long before the dark thoughts sleep?

The Invisible Speck

I shrink away beneath the heavy sky,
Unnoticed by the crowds that pass me by.
A single speck suspended in the air,
Too microscopic for the world to care.

For everyone around me seems to loom,
Like towering giants crowding up the room.
Their shadows stretch to swallow up the light,
And choke the day to summon endless night.

I try to stretch, to fill a little space,
But always feel I'm falling from the race.
No matter how I strain to rise and stand,
I'm never quite large enough to command.

A broken cog that serves no useful end,
With nothing left to offer or to lend.
A quiet phantom in a crowded place,
Unworthy of the ground I try to trace.

I fade so deep, I blend into the wall,
A passing stranger you will never call.
If I just vanished, simply ceased to be,
Would anybody turn to look for me?

An Empty Life

Empty is a shell where a soul once lived,
a quiet echo, a wound unreceived.
The shadow of a purpose that turned to rot,
a vacant frame where the pulse forgot.
A shredded blueprint, a life cast down,
a blackened pit where a name is drowned.

It is the cold breath that seeps from decay,
the breathless silence of a sunless gray.
A crushing silence rests upon the chest,
a heavy monument where a corpse takes rest.
A whisper reaching for a hand to hold,
a feeling no one understands, so cold.

For chill is just a shiver, a fleeting frost,
a winter moment where no path is lost.
But vacant is the graveyard breath that stays,
a final winter in my blighted days.
The draft that strangers cannot help but bring,
the frozen quiet where the dead cannot sing.

Numb is just the body's final shield,
a brittle armor where all feeling's sealed.
But vacant is the spirit's rotting shroud,
a smothered whisper in a silent crowd.
A nerve now frayed, a deadened line,
a twisted ruin that was once mine.

It is the end of a living cry,
the shattered pieces of a poisoned sky.
The shadow of that last and final breath,
the silent terror that crawls after death.
A final fury where all sound has died,
a rotting carcass with no place to hide.

I am not real, not whole, a silent shell,
a broken prisoner of a waking hell.
Past every feeling, past the endless pain,
I am a carcass with nothing left to gain.
My open grave, the final tomb I own,
where the ruin of my life has found a home.

And when my ruin has finally found its place,
will there be torment in this open space?
Or does a spirit, worn and spent and frayed,
leave only poison where a life was made?
Will the last echo find a final home,
or will it shatter in the freezing gloom?

And when my ghost has finally found its place,
will there be light beyond this empty space?
Or does a spirit, worn and spent and frayed,
leave only silence where a life was made?
Will the last echo find a final home,
or will it simply scatter through the endless form?

Living the Dream

A three-day haze of weary hours,
A fragile sleep, no struggle known.
But from the depths of haunted flowers,
A primal terror, whispered, grown.
I woke and knew a sudden scream,
The lingering echo of a dream.

I could not breathe, I could not stay,
Though nothing from the dark I saw.
My body shook and would not obey,
Held in the grip of chilling awe.
I fled the bed, the fear still deep,
Afraid of what I'd find in sleep.

And still the vision rushed back in,
Unraveling where I had been.
Then morning brought a fragile light,
A memory, a waking fright.
I lay again, my mind a tangled thread,
Caught by the horrors in my head.

I stood within a sterile room,
My waking self, a stranger there.
The whispered text of coming doom,
A burden that I could not bear.
Then voices rose, a familiar sound,

Of all the dead who gathered round.

They spoke with rage, their bitter scorn,
Their anger turned on me alone.
And in that moment, I was torn,
A question whispered on the bone:
Was I asleep? Was I awake?
Or just a soul they came to take?

I had to ask, and wonder deep:
Was I remembering my death,
Or was I dreaming in my sleep,
The final, chilling, mortal breath?
Or was I dead, and dreaming still,
That I shouldn't have taken that one last pill?

Counting Candy

One, two, three,
A rainbow made of sugared candy,
I covet them and hide from eyes,
No one knows where this treasure lies.
The act of counting sets me free,
Saving them for when they save me.

Four, five, six,
My secret stash, my permanent fix.
A round of pink, a tab of green,
Time capsules for the things I've seen.
They help me to completely forget
The pain and fear, without regret.

Seven, eight, nine,
A spoon of honey to make them fine,
To help me cross that white chalk line.
Take them with food, or take with none,
I'll find fulfillment when I'm done,
Enough to quench the deep thirst fast,
And let the bitter memories pass.

Ten, eleven, twelve,
The small brown bottle on the shelf,
I trust no one but my lonely self.
My mind and heart, soured by mistakes,

My breaking spirit is the friend that aches.
I'm waiting for this bitter life to end.

Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen,
A quiet world that goes unseen,
I'm happy with this private treat,
To hide the pain and make escape complete.
I know this moment is a fleeting lie,
Prepping my heart for the final sigh.

Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen,
This constant burden and this weight,
A final choice, a self-carved fate.
This counting helps me to pretend
That each one will be my best friend.
There's none left to let down in the end.

Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one,
Surrendering to the very last one.
The little secrets are finally done,
My weary journey has finally won.
No more counting left for me,
I'm finally gone, and finally free.

Now, no one will ever be counting on me.